THE LOST COLUMBINE

morning coffee, "I don't quite like tention." the idea, do you, Eleanor?"

him inquiringly.

"What don't you like about it, the room. Then he said: dear?" she asked.

"Oh, this fool notion of husbands and wives dressing separately-not knowing about each other's cos-

tumes.' she did not reply, he stated more want to know. explicitly what was in his mind, saying: "I think we'd better tell each other what we're going to wear." "We'll find out when we unmask,"

she said.

all nonsense," he insisted, with a little show of heat. "Pass Mr. Welkins the marma-

lade," his wife said to the maid, He helped himself, then repeated: "I think it's all nonsense!" But she did not answer. He had never known a woman with Elean-

or's capacity for silence. It gave her a mysterious power. "The steward at the club told me they had more than five hundred acceptances," he went on. "That means a mixed crowd, and I'd like to

be so I can look after y ... "That's sweet of you," she answered, "but I'm sure I shan't need looking after."

"You might," he declared. "Oh, I don't think so-not at our own country club."

"But I tell you it's going to be a

A Glimpse of Julian Street



Of all the many qualities that one that impresses you most is youth. He has the kind of youth that is progressively permanent—he is vast in an ageless mold. He has the persometity that years spent genuine eraftemanskip and he has worked hard for his "Pegana away." is success. Pegai what he calls it.

All of his work shows the keenness of time observation little traisme, subtile paints in characterization -and interest to keep you reading to

"The Lost Columbine, ' published here for the first limit. delicate in plot, is yet pag-nautly 120 of meaning t nantly fill of meaning t holds a special interpretation

A BOUT this fancy-dress ball at mixed crowd. You're a darn pretty the country club tonight," woman—and a blonde." And as said Archibeld Welkins, as again she was silent, he added in a his wife, looking very lovely in a tone that held a hint of accusation: French-blue housedress, poured the "Blondes always attract more at-

"Take some hot toast," she said Her large blue eyes turned up to to him as the maid appeared. He took some, and waited till she left

> "I wonder why men always think good-looking blondes are-" But he did not finish the sentence.

"Are what?" she asked. "Well, anyway." he declared, "fancy dress makes people reckless. Often in the eight years of their They feel that the lid's off. There'll married life he had been disturbed be a lot of flasks, too. There's so by her trait of remaining silent when much more drinking since prohibishe disagreed with him, and now, as tion. That's another reason why I

> "Know what?" "What?" he repeated irritably. "Just what I've been asking youwhat you're going to wear."

"I don't think it would be playing "But I think the idea of secrecy is the game to tell," she said. "How do you like this bacon? It's a new brand."

"Look here," he said sharply, "you can't put me off that way! You say you don't need looking after, but your memory doesn't seem to be so good as mine! Before your flirtation with that dolled-up French officer you fell for, I used to think you didn't need looking after, too! But I guess I-" He stopped.

Having thrown in her face the one indiscretion of her married life, he instantly regretted it. He always know what your cost-me is going to did. He always told himself that to keep referring to it was to take a mean advantage of her and that he would never speak of it again. Strange that he could not overcome the jealousy left with him by that episode of several years ago, when, ever since. The had been so circumspect. After all, it had been only a mild flirtation, and the Frenchman wasn't very young. He was a fool to keep thinking of it, and a greater fool to harp upon it.

He said no more, but left the table. angry with her and with himself.

TN THE interest of secrecy it had I been arranged that the wives should dine and dress together in certain houses in the neighborhood, while the husbands dined and dressed in others, and that an should arrive of the Continental Army as he cainly attractive, though! He cut in | "An' you, you bad, weeked king! in others, and that all should arrive kins consequently left the limousine passengers, he drove to the club, on her and, as they danced, talked 'Ow is your Nell Gwyn?" she asked. friends, and taking the bag contain- to avoid being recognized by his car, at her identity. But the fair Egyp- "It's you I'm interested in. Don't ing his costume, which was supposed to make the wearer resemble King Charles II, drove in his roadster to tance from the door and walked with soon snatched her away, leaving ried woman in disguise-wife of a group of men, some of them al- The doors and the French win- fascinating Columbine who several in New York and drives a ball with cocktail glasses in their

By the time he had donned the music as they walked across the glances. drunk three cocktails he began to Welkins paused to review the ani- Colonial period, she came down the "Well, zen, follow me!" And with change his mind about the fancy-dress ball. It was an amusing idea, dress ball. It was an amusing idea, a good time. Nevertheless, when he fighters, odalisques, women jockeys, a deep V in back, springy little window leading to the terrace. asked Eleanor what she was going geisha, harlequins, cowboys, Span-skirts, thin openwork stockings and to wear she should have told him. ish separates, parates, ballet slippers, With her have white He still felt some resentment about

jeweled star shone brilliantly upon high, powdered wig and a panniered his breast; the black silk stockings gown of flowered silk, and was danc- he told her, disguising his voice by admirably set off his leg, which was ing with a Roman gladiator. He pitching it low. a good leg, and the long, dark, curly watched her around the room. Her "Ave you, wig gave him, he thought, a myste- height, her figure, her carriage were chirped. rious appearance. What did he care, after all, about Eleanor's refusal to dignity characteristic of his wife's you, you beeg, 'andsome man!" The tell him what her costume was to taste. When she had apassed several minx! She gave his hand a squeeze, He wasn't going to worry about times he was quite certain of her, which he promptly returned.

Presently he became interested in Eleanor tonight. Not he! He had Presently he became into view "Are you French?" he asked in offered to—that was enough. She Cleopatra, who fox-trotted into view his assumed voice, "or are you put-Eleanor tonight. Not he! He had!

used by his wife and her handling his roadster dashingly, and in a false voice, endeavoring to guess "Never mind Nell Gwyn," he said. parked beside the drive at some distina was popular. An Indian rajah tell me you're just a nice little mar-

ready in their finery, some dressing, dows were open; dancing had altimes had passed near him in a around these links on Sundays."

didn't know what he was wearing, with Napoleon. Eleanor would have cither. Yes, he was going to have a made a handsome Cleopatra, too, ting on that accent?" but he felt sure she would never "W'at you sink, mo and a soldier in the buff and blue! That Cleopatra woman was cer- putting it on you do it very well."

wig and knee-breeches and grass. Inside the ballroom door Presently, with a beau of the "Indeed I do!" He was going to have clowns, coolies, court beauties, bull-black satin dress, with a waist cut to flitted swiftly through a French ish senoritas, mandarins, pirates, ballet slippers. With her huge white Larily, for in the darkness her wives not knowing each other's cosnymphs, Turks, vaqueros, peasants, ruff and her black, cocked hat pulled black dress gave her an advantage; tumes.

"I've been aiming to catch you,"

"Well, zen, we are great-"Are you French?" he asked in

Tom Bayne's house, where he found his companions to the clubhouse. King Charles II free to seek out a some man who commutes to business this time running toward the club- she speak with a French accent.

French girl?" she asked, archly.

Tow Bayne had an excellent cellar. whirled to the music of the jazz down at a saucy angle over bobbed but as she scampered down the steps With dinner he served large high-band.
balls, and his Scotch was exception- Looking them over as they circled red hair, the looked the incarnation toward the lawn and the links he ready ad fun enough, my king. ally good. As Archibald Welkins was leaving the house with the nized his wife. She was dressed—

Looking them over as they circled past, he presently thought he recognized his wife. She was dressed—

Be cut in and found that her sped after her. As she disappeared ballroom. caught sight of her white ruff and And with that she moved into the others he caught his reflection in a if indeed it was Eleanor—as a discing confirmed his impression, behind a large syring a bush he heard mirror and approved thereof. The French courtlady, with patches, a How light, how responsive she was! a rippling laugh, and running to ment watching the dancers. the other side, caught her in his arms. Then, as she was panting and "There's another Columbine. She's laughing, and as it was dark, and they were masked, and the syringas smelled so sweet, he placed his hand beneath her chin, tilted it up, bent

ue, for I, too, 'ave look at over, and was about to seize the said he, "I ou beeg, 'andsome man!" The fruits of victory, when she cluded him and ran off laughing, in the you apart?" direction of the drive. A prisoner who escapes and is recaptured pays an added penalty,

surprised and flattered by the ap- | He retired to the doorway and parent willingness with which she watched for her, but by the time she came around again she was with a Indeed it was that willingness Sicilian brigand. He cut in. But

just tribute from her lips, he was laugh.

which made him confident that she apparently this was the other Columwould not again become a fundament, bine, for she did not seem to know and he was holding her lightly . . . him. Her step was not so light as his infinite surprise, she added: "Do in a flash, she was off once more, that of the one he sought nor did you remember that nice French of-

dows were open; dancing had altimes had passed near him in a round these links on Sundays."

Just at the doorway he caught to find her. And when they maked across the glances.

"You 'ope I'm real naughty to find her. And when they maked he would learn who she was." outside was unavailing.

"No," she said, firmly, "you are a Columbine wearing a black cocked naughty boy, an' I 'ave foun' you hat over bobbed red hair, he cut in him." and danced with her, but only to be

know," he urged, "nor my wife,

"Yes," said she, "but I 'ave al-

"Look!" he exclaimed suddenly.

her red hair!" "Yes, we came togezzer." "But suppose I were to lose you,"

said he, "how could I find you side in the moonlight with a strange again? How could I tell the two of man, masked. Since prohibition there "Zat is a question!" she said. "Let's dance and talk it over." "No, monsieur," replied the Colum-

ther. Yes, he was going to have a but he felt sure she would never with an Arab sheik, a Chinaman appear in public in such scant attire.

"I think," he said, "that if you're Charles II grasped the clusive Columnk came up, and in a moment she umbine, and exacted what he deemed was dancing off with him.

"Hello?" He was surprised to hear Eleanor's voice upon the wire. "I've been hunting for you all over the place," he said. "What took you home so early?"

By Julian Street

"Oh, I got enough of it!" "Didn't you have a good time?" "I had an exceptionally good

time," she assured him. "But I don't understand why you went home, then."

"Fancy dress makes people do all sorts of things," she said, and before he could comment upon the cryptical character of the remark she asked: "Have you been enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, I've had worse times," said he. And thinking to have one final look for his lost Columbine, he added: "I guess I'll hang around for a while if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind at all. Good night, dear," and she hung up the receiver.

WELL, dear," said Archibald Welkins next morning, as his wife, looking very lovely in a shellpin' house gown poured the coffee, was a pretty good party, wasn't it?" And as she nodded, he went on in an expansive tone: "Made it rather amusing, after all-husbands and wives not knowing each other's costumes-don't you think so?"

"Yes, very amusing," she said. "I was quite sure I recognized you," he told her. "Oh, were you?" She looked un

quickly. "Yes, in r French court costume, with a hir powdered wig."

When she smiled and shook her head he was surprised. "That wasn't you-honestly?"

"No, honestly." "What was your costume, then?" "I went as a Columbine," she said:

and, addressing the maid: "Pass Mr. Welkins the strawberry jam." In silence he helped himself, spread jam upon a piece of toast, ate it, and drank his coffee. Then:

"There were two Columbines dressed exactly alike," he ventured. "Yes," said Eleanor. "This is the last of that new bacon. Have you made up your mind yet how you

like it?" "Oh, it's very good," he answered abstractly. "Both the Columbines I saw had red hair."

"Wigs," she returned, succinctly. "Wigs?" he repeated, surprised. "They didn't look like wigs." "Men aren't very quick at detect-

ing such things," said she. Then, to ficer I liked so much three years

Never mind! He would find his ago?" "Why, yes." "Well, he wore a toupee."

"He did? How do you know?" "I noticed it the first time I saw

"Um," he said, and sat reflective disappointed. Always it was the for a time. Then: "Look here, dear wrong one. He questioned her about he went on. "Let's never speak of the other, but could get no satisfac- that French officer again. It was long ago, and anyway, it really

didn't amount to anything. If he expected recognition of this ballroom and the adjacent apart- magnanimity he was disappointed, ments looking for the Columbines, for she did not speak. "Who was the other Columbine?"

them. Nor could he find his wife, he asked in a casual tone as he was nor yet the white-wigged lady of the about to rise from the table.

French court whom he had identified "Evidently some one who went to

the same costumer I did," his wife Where could Eleanor be? She replied. "But-" He checked himself; ought to be in the ballroom. That like you-exactly like you, even to was where every well-behaved mar- then with some feeling, added:

ried woman belonged at a party such don't think they ought to send out as this. It wasn't wise for a pretty duplicate costumes for the same woman to go wandering about out- party, do you?" But she failed to reply. Often in the eight years of their man, masked. Since prohibition there

had been a lot of drinking, and married life he had been disturbed fancy dress made people reckless by her trait of remaining silent when anyway. Temporarily he forgot the she disagreed with him. He had Columbine in his concern about his never known a woman with Elean-wife's behavior, as he looked for her or's capacity for silence. It gave Failing to find her he returned to Failing to find her he returned to club and telephoned home.

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How a Great Leader, Almost Ruined by a Money Marriage and a Faithless Wife, Regains Success and Happiness Through an Unusual Woman's Love Is Fascinatingly Told in This Story of Intrigue, Politics, Mystery and Romance by the Noted Author of "The Great Impersonation," "The Profiteers," "The Great Prince Shan" and a Score of "Best Sellers" By E. Phillips Oppenheim

she is somewhat mealistic, conducting her House, with Andrew

BTEPHEN DAPTHEY-the great Labor-Libe mosphere, nevertheless made stremmas there was something behind it, which eral thirt a Miltonian, but a Diant ablant, a mosphere, nevertheless made streamons there was a sa party leader, for which he picks Tat. and not unsuccessful efforts to pick up he lacked. NORA MINIT—a taxelecting roung fenc. the old threads. He abandoned even The night was bright and dry and this and radical, in love such facetrey.

MINITER—a course grained ender.

drank cockinits characters and round for the light was bright and dry and the moderation of his daily life. He there were still crowds about Leicester drank cockinits characters and round for the light was bright and dry and the moderation of his daily life. He there were still crowds about Leicester drank cockinits characters and round for the light was bright and dry and the moderation of his daily life. For some weeks after his chief's din- day and ransacked his brain to cap faces of the women who passed him by. ner party Tallente slackened a little in them. Of bridge, unfortunately, he struggling against his old abhorrence his grim detotion to work. A strangely knew nothing, but he played pool with as against one of the sickly offshoots of quiescent period of day-by-day political some success, and left the club late, an over-eclectic epicurianism. bistory enabled Lim to be absent tom leaving behind him curiously mingled. They typifled not vice but weakness, his place in the House for several c .. opinions as to the cause for this sud- the unhappy result of man's inevitable

ANDREW TALLENTE. brilliant subtannels, a slight feeling of constraint even, there was Fardell, also a schoolfellow, approaching maders age, but still some is among the little gathering of men now a police progistrate, full of dry spirit. Detracted for Protections, he becames interested in a temperature party, drinking their aperitifs in the lounge and pleasant human called be becames interested in a temperature party, drinking their aperitifs in the lounge and pleasant human called be became for the public vectors, and is its choice. there was a feeling that many of the and dilettante thirty years ago, but al
**MRS. TALLENTE—who has married Andrew
old ties had been broken. Tallente stood ways a good fellow, now an acknowlto forward local authinors, treating here old ties had been breken. Tallente stood ways a good fellow, now an acknowlpress weath for her positives pressing for new and menacing things in poliedged master of English prose and a
plots with his secretary. Athony Pallser, ties. He had to a certain extent cut critic whose word was unquestioned.

In whom the law a submental interest. ANTHONY PALLISER - the loss states vals himself advift from the world which These men, one and all, seemed to be under political noners from Intern. and starts at Eton and Oxford and ends up to the neck in life, kept young and who, after a quarrel, has registerously dis by making mild puns on the judicial human by the taste of it upon their Appeared.

Of the partial of the par est neighbor, who with he satisfies greatly bench, or intering someons plantages palate. The contemplation of their effer his separation from his calculation from a properly accredited seat in the whole- Id-si existence, their sound complete. bination of work and play, produced in Tallente, fully appreciating the at- him a sort of jealousy, for he knew that

drank cocktuils, champagne and port, Square, Piccadilly Circle and Piccadilly laughed heartly at the stories of the itself. As he walked, he looked into the

nings during the week, and althour, den return to his old haunts. revolt against unnatural laws. Yet he spent a good many hours with Dar .- He himself walked through the even then the mingled purity and prig- in a street even more secluded than his rey at Demos House, carefully dis- streets, on his way homeward, con- gishness encouraged by years of repres- own. At last the thing which he had cussing and elaborating next season's sea us of at least partial sucress, feel- ston forbade any vital change in his so greatly anticipated had happened. program, he still found himself with int the pleasurable warmth of the wine sentiments. The toleration for which There were lights in the house from time to spare, and with Jane's note he had drunk and the companionship he sought, when it made its grudging top to bottom. Jane had arrived! buttoned up in his pocket, he delih- for which he had so strenuously sought, appearance, was mingled with distinct He walked slowly back and forth walking this way home, in case well, don't erately turned his face toward life in He found himself thinking almost en- and distrust. He breathed more freely several times. The music in his blood, its more genial and branan aspect. Alously of the men with whom he had as he turned into the quieter street in stirred already by the wine he had He dined one might at the club to associated—Philipson, with whom he which his rooms we situated, passing drunk and the revival of old memories. He dired one sight at the club to assectated—Philipson, with whom he which he had belonged for many years, had been at college, with three plays them by, however, crossing Curzon moved to a new and more wonderful which he had belonged for many years, had been at college, with three plays them by, however, crossing Curzon moved to a new and more wonderful which he had belonged for many years, had been at college, with three plays them by, however, crossing Curzon moved to a new and more wonderful which he had belonged for many years. But been at college, with three plays them by, however, crossing Curzon moved to a new and more wonderful which he had belonged for many years.



She stood quite still with the latchkey in her hand

windows like a moonstruck boy. He wall,

and pulled up in front of the door, a ness of him. the box sprang down. He heard her wanted you so much." voice as she said "Good-by" to some one. The car rolled smoothly away. The car rolled smoothly away. ing figure. . "Jane!" he exclaimed.

key in her hand. The car was out of ment," she said, opening the nearest sight now and they seemed to be al- door. "I shall not ask you to share

"You?" she exclaimed, a little Victorian fashion, but with an easy-chair drawn up to the brightly burning She

you step out of the car."
"How could you know that I was coming today?" she asked. "I only telephoned Alice after I arrived." "To tell you the truth," he con-fessed, "I have got into the habit of

tonight I have my reward."
She turned the key in the latch and pushed the door open.
"You must come in," she invited.
"Isn't it too late?"

there now, he wondered, gazing at the near here," she said, feeling along the "How idiotic!" she laughed. "Sup- I'e p'ace you told me of in Soho?" she

few minutes later. The footman on \"Jane." he whispered, "I have you had arrived." voice as she said "Good-by" to some | For a single moment she rested in his

She crossed the payement with an in- ble, voluptuous, stirring him to the thing to know that one is welcome. voluntary glance at the tall, approach. very depths. Then she slipped away, when one breaks away from the rou-Her fingers sought the wall once more and the place was flooded with light. asked.

most alone in the street. At first there was something almost unfamiliar in her rather startled face, her coffured lair, her bare neck with its collar of diamonds. There was a moment of suspense. Then he saw something flash tell me how things are and when you suspense. Then he saw something flash tell me how things are and when you with everybody and everything, so I suddenly remembered that I had an empty house here and case up in into her eyes and he was glad to be little apartment, furnished in Mid-

Cheforian answer to the brightly burning chair drawn up to the brightly burning fire. On a table near was a glass of milk and some biscuits. The ermine to me. I find it generally a very ugly and a very sordid place, where I am healest in with relatives, generally leads to me. breathlessly.

He plunged into explanations.

"My rooms are close by here in Clarges street," he told her. "I was walking home from the club and saw upon her, filled with a great hunger, "Well?" she queried.
"You are wonderful," he murmured. you."

She laughed and for a moment her

don't want compliments. I want to know the news."

"There is none," he answered. "We are marking time while Horlock digs his own grave."

"You have been amusing yourself?"

"You have been amusing yourself?"

"Indifferently. I dired the other night with Dartrey. tonight at the Sheridan Club. The most exciting thing sisted. "for the first time, at any she glad that I have come."

"Of course," he answered. "I want to see you could come onight. I only wish I could make you understand what it means to have that to look forward to."

"If you can make me believe that," she answered gravely, "perhaps I shall be glad that I have come." which he had belonged for many years, and a club frequency blief by distributed by his work, chaffing grimage which had become almost a ringuished lite a very a successful hard even fuscinated by his work, chaffing grimage which had become almost a nightly one. Within a very few minimater and not her gladly into the hall, and hopes for closing the door behind him.

Then will you take me to that literate and above the future were centered. Was she "That wretched switch is somewhere"

"What does that matter so long as the long as the matter so long as the long as the matter so long as the long as the long as the long as the matter so long as the long as

stayed passive in his grasp. She turned bell at this hour of the night."

upon the terrace and the lawn.

the club and telephoned home.

seen the lights and to have known that carrying one off one's feet.

You 'ope I'm real naughty

French girl?" she asked, archly.

"Meet me here afterward," urged

"How shall I find you then?" he

"I don't sink you can," said she,

Time and again, when he saw a

When, at midnight, the dancers

unmasked, he hastened about the

but now he could find neither of

with her.

and again he heard her tantalizing

King Charles as she moved away.

But she shook her head.

demanded, following.

"Indeed I do!"

'Well, zen, follow me!"

tine of one's life, as I have, 'Tell me why you have done it?" he She stood quite still, with the latch- "You must come in here for a mo- She looked back into the fire.

"Everything was going a little rong," she explained. "One of my wrong." farmers was troublesome, and the snow pty house here and came up."
"To the city of adventures," he mur-

hedged in with relatives, generally He bent over her fingers. His good wanting me to do the thing I loathe, angel and his instinct of sensibility. You have really no news for me, then?"

"When will you come and have a "You will let yourself out?" she begged. "I have taken off my closk and She haghed and for a moment her eyes fell.

"But, my dear man," she said, "! "Will you dine with me tomorrow don't want compliments. I want to hight?" he begged eagerly. "In the know the news."

"When will you come and have a begged, "I have taken off my closk and inght?" he begged eagerly. "In the afternoon I have committee meetings.

"Of course," he answered. "I shan afternoon I have committee meetings.

posing you had not happened to meet suggested. "I don't want a whole lingered about and fate was kind to Her fingers suddenly met his and me? You could scarcely have rung my crowd to know that I am in town just yet. Don't think that it sounds vain, A limousine swung around the corner a little around as she realized the near- "I should have been content to have but people have such a habit of almost

> "I want to prowl about London and "You dear man!" she exclaimed, do ordinary flings. One or two thea-with a sudden smile, a smile of entire tres, perhaps, but no dinner parties. I "I like the shan't stay long, I den't suppose. As soon as I hear from Mr. Segerson that the snow has gone and that terrible north wind has died away. I know I shall be wanting to get back."
> "You are very conscientious about your work there," he companed.

Don't you ever realize that you may have an even more important mission For a single moment she seemed

troubled. Her manner, when she spoke, had lost something of its caim gracious. "Really?" she said, "Well, you must

tell me all about it tomorrow night. I shall wear a hat and you must not order the dinner beforehand. I don't mind your ordering the table, because "London has never seemed like that I like a corner, but we must sall into me. I find it generally a very ugly the place just like any other two wanderers. It is agreed?"
He bent over her fingers. His good

which was always appraising her at-None, except that I am glad to see titude toward him, prompted his studied

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